

1489. 7. 38

A

THIRD LETTER

FROM

TIMMY STRAIGHTFORWARD to his MOTHER.

WITH

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND ENTERTAINING.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

AN ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

Οὐτὸς ἰσὶ γαλιώτης γίγας! — MENANDER.

LAUDIS AMORE TUMES! SUNT CERTA PIACULA, QUÆ TE
TER PURE, LECTO POTERUNT RECREARE LIBELLO. — HOR. Ep. i. l. i. v. 36.

KNOW, THERE ARE RHYMES, WHICH (FRESH AND FRESH APPLY'D)
WILL CURE THE ARRANT'ST PUPPY OF HIS PRIDE. — POPE.

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[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

THIRD

TO THE

UNITED STATES

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT
The undersigned, being a member of the bar of the District of Columbia, and
one of the signers of the petition for the appointment of the undersigned as

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at the District of Columbia.

It is ordered that the undersigned be appointed as

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TO THE
P U B L I C.

NAMES SO UNMEANING ONE CAN'T FIND 'EM OUT.
BATH GUIDE.

THE names of no less than four gentlemen of the university and two of the town have been handed about as the supposed author of Timmy Straightforward's Second Epistle. The real author, therefore, thinks it but justice to assert that none of the six are entitled to the merit or disgrace (which ever the readers may fancy it deserves) of that production.

It is wished the public would be satisfied without attempting to discover the author, as it is impossible their endeavours should ever be crown'd with success. So far is assured them, that he is not a constant resident either of the university or town—He writes not for the sake of gain, and publishes in hopes that his productions may afford as much entertainment to his friends in reading, as they did

to the author in writing; so that if a sufficient of them are sold to defray the expence of printing, it is all that is desired.

As to the inaccuracies with which they abound, nothing is to be said by way of apology, but that they are, according to their first title, mere Flights—just the effusions of an hour.

Timmy Straightforward cannot harbour such an idea as that any lady can be offended at the bare mention of her name in his epistle—scarcely an epithet is added to any of them—and as to the poetical or fictitious names, nothing can shew the absurdity of any body taking umbrage at them, more than the observation, that in attempting to apply them to persons in Cambridge, no two people can agree as to the character intended.—They are in fact only fictitious—nothing personal was ever intended.

The conversation piece in the description of Pot-Fair is such as might naturally be expected at such a place, and amidst such a variety of characters. The supposition that the first line of the conversation is the speech of the last lady mentioned in the preceding line,

line, is such an absurdity as can only take possession in the brains of those people, who, like the pretended Mrs. Straightforward, read poetry as a parrot prates—without understanding a word of it.

No person has a greater regard for the ladies than Timmy Straightforward, and he would be exceedingly hurt if he thought they even suspected him guilty of any behaviour that was not in every respect becoming

Their very humble servant and constant admirer,

Cambridge, July 6, 1780.

T. S.

TO

poetry as a parrot speaks—without understanding a word of it.

STRAIGHT FORWARD.

Then they nagged their heads, when their tails lie v about.
That the Jewries answer would soon be found out.
On the pieces lay sundry, they made such a row.
Or else that the Muls would forget to indue.
That I heartily wish I had not learnt to write.
And the Indies in Germany to correctly use me.
For the folks they call exiles do all to abuse me.
I shall ever attempt to convince you in rhyme.
My dear mother, I think this will be the last time
I shall ever attempt to convince you in rhyme.
T. S.

There

T O

MRS. STRAIGHTFORWARD.

THE NUMBER I'LL COMPLEAT,
THEN TO OBSCURITY WILL-PLEASE'D RETREAT.

SPECTATOR.

MY dear mother, I think this will be the last time
I shall ever attempt to address you in rhyme;
For the folks they call *critics* do all so abuse me,
And the ladies in Cambridge so cruelly use me,
That I heartily wish I had ne'er learnt to write,
Or else that the Muse would forbear to indite.
On the Pieces last Sunday they made such a rout,
That the *scurrilous author* would soon be found out,
Then they naggled their heads, while their tails flew about.

There

There was old Madam RIGGLEDUM,

Young Mrs. FRIGGLEDUM,

Miss INFIDEL, two little angels from Lynn,

The dowager BOUNCEABOUT,

Little Miss FLOUNCEABOUT,

Miss NAGGLE, Miss FLOUNDER, and gay widow SKIN.

The wooden Miss LACKIT,

Her cousin Miss CLACKIT,

Miss SEACOAL, whose beauty all families dulle,

The doating Miss MUMBLEIT,

Frisky Miss TUMBLEIT,

Miss WISHFORT, Miss TOMBOY, Miss SHANKS, and Miss

SCULLS.

You'll forgive this digression, 'twill just serve to shew

That tho' old, yet I can, if I please, be a beau.

The good Madam SQUEAKER has read my Pot-Fair,
 Her brother and sister (thank heav'n) were not there;
 For the poor NANNY GOWT and her dear little SQUEAKER
 Durst not venture abroad though they wanted a beaker;
 And she'd had the advice of the great Mr. CHATTER;
 But he totally now had mistaken the matter;
 Her disorder most certainly misunderstood,
 For he thought that a riding would do her much good;
 But the horse did so jumble and shake her about
 That the dear NANNY GOWT was not fit to stir out.
 Miss CUNNING declares my Pot-Fair is a satire,
 Replete with rank malice, abuse and libelature;

Mrs.

* On the last nomination day for candidates to represent the county of Cambridge, two countrymen, who had been quaffing rather too freely at Bacchus's fountain, broiled into a certain college and laid themselves down on a grassplat, in order to sober themselves by a comfortable nap; but scarce had the drowsy God hovered over them with his poppy wings, ere a certain dignitary of the college came up to them, and in an effeminate voice said, "Fellows, get out, you must not lay sleeping here!" when one of the poor fellows, lifting up his head, and judging of the sex of this invader of their repose by the voice, replied, "God bless you, good Madam, don't disturb us, we are both drunk, and are going to sleep ourselves sober."

Mrs. WAGGLETAIL CHATTER could ne'er brook confinement,

No, no, she's a lady of taste and refinement.

Mrs. CHATTER's a daughter too, just like herself,

Who minds not who labours and toils for the pelf,

For she loves the *bon ton*, and she pants for quadrille,

Her perpetual *larum* then never lays still,

Her dear little heart for gay company burns,

And quadrille, drefs and scandal engage her by turns.

That black gruff-looking gentleman Dr. BONETWISTER

Can't conceive who I mean by the young Dr. GLYSTER.

The BROBDINGNAG INFANT avows its a shame

I should publish my book when the verse is so lame;

And he verily thinks, aye, as sure as a gun,

That my ill-timed satire will spoil all the fun,

That sweet harmony stop which at present subsists

If satirical scriblers thus enter the lists,

M
And

[4]

And endeavor to fly to the temple of Fame,

By giving each lady an ill-natur'd name,

Though this *gigantic baby* can't see half its merit,

Mr. Bounce thinks 'tis wrote with a great deal of spirit,

The Miss Sculls all protest that they think it's a parson,

Who has dar'd thus the ladies to scribble a farce on,

For it can't be suppos'd that a man of the town

Can possess so much learning as one with a gown;

Yet they think it impossible too that a gownsmen

Should know all the people so well as a townsman,

The Miss Sculls can't conceive any person has honour

Whose title is less than a Fellow-Commoner,

Your A. B.'s, or M. B.'s, L. L. B.'s, or B. D.'s,

Or your Masters of Arts, are all nothing to these;

And as to a Pensioner—Lord! it's a shame

In the presence of them *each* to mention the name,

Mr.

Mr. ONION declares if with me he could meet,
 In the church or the chapel, the walks or the street,
 He would give me a drubbing, or fight with a pistol, though
 But I think Mr. ONION had much better sit still, than come
 For there's nought in this world, my dear mother, I dread
 Half so much as a ball being fir'd at my head,
 And as to a drubbing, my flesh is so tender, and so soft,
 My bones are so weak, though my body's not tender,
 That if I should get drubb'd it would sure be my death,
 For a fall on the ground would extinguish my breath,
 But a pert little coxcomb has borrow'd your name,
 And striding poor Pegasus goes a hunting for fame.

First A. B.'s, or M. B.'s, L. B.'s, or D. D.'s,

† I did not make a formal reply to a publication called *A letter from Mrs. Straightforward to her Son*, for two reasons: First, it would flatter the author's vanity too much that I should deem him worthy that condescension. Secondly, his language, his manner, in short, his every thing in it (so much as that it is not in the power of words to convey a proper idea of the contempt in which I hold it. I must, however, acknowledge the author's great propriety in calling himself *Mrs. Straightforward*, as it requires not the wisdom of a philosopher to discover, that nobody but a man of letters would have published, had they been simple enough to have written, such an heterogeneous hodge-podge as Mrs. S.'s address

First he calls me *dear Tim*, and parentheses uses; oh no! oh no!
 Though he places them wrong, then Miss TRALIA abuses;
 He pretends to what certainly never can be,
 When he talks that his *fears* with his *wishes* agree,
 For he *wishes* his *Peg*, † at the summit of Fame,
 But he justly may *fear* he'll be cover'd with shame.
 Next, to make you believe that he understands "Latin,"
 He just mentions four words, and he says they "come pat in,"
 But again he mistakes, for an interrogation
 This plagiarist's put in a period's station.
 Then a cock and bull story he tells about Bell,
 Being plung'd by a poor little fly into Hell.

And

to her son,---I shall here, therefore, make one observation on his remark upon the expression *suck up*,
 (Vide Mrs. S.'s address, p. 7. l. 10. and T. S.'s second letter, p. 5. l. 15.) by giving an instance how it
 may be used with similar propriety: Suppose a stranger was to go into ----- church and see Mrs.
 Straightforward performing the duties of the sacred function, would it not be quite natural for him, when
 he heard *her* discourse, to exclaim, "For God's sake, what old woman have we got *suck up* in the pulpit
 attempting to preach?" As to the attempt upon the Ode, the most sacred parts of scripture might be ren-
 dered blasphemy by being served in the same manner:---(Vide *Spec.* vol. viii. No. 568.)---therefore I
 shall only say, The conduct of the author is illiberal, indecent as a Clergyman of the Church of England,
 and very unworthy a Member of St. John's College.

† Peg. pro Pegasus--Vide Mrs. Straightforward's address, p. 4. l. 11. Bell. pro Bellerophon.

And some tales of Actæon and Orpheus gleaning,
 He lugs them in strangely without any meaning;
 He talks also of pistols, and makes such a fuss
 Because I just mention'd the dowager Mus;
 Then again, my dear mother, this *infant of grace*
 Says I publish'd my letter "in hopes to replace,"
 So to prove his philanthropy, asks *but* a shilling
 For his sixteen-page answer, to shew he's not willing
 To take any reward for the time he has lost,
 But just to repay him the money it cost.
 Then he makes my gruff face to be cover'd with smiles,
 For he talks of a *way* being *paved* in *piles*;
 I suppose he was thinking he'd got in the fens,
 Where it might be of service to *pile* up the glens,

Or

* Any body but an *old woman* would have discovered that *Mus*, an abbreviation, was an error of the press; it should have been *Mus*—*Vide Mrs. Straightforward's address, p. 4. note.*

† In Mrs. Straightforward's Letter, p. 19. is the following *emphatical* couplet—

"Come, Timmy, come, with *smile*, I say,

"And *typhus* in *piles* we'll pave the way."

Or by mounting on *piles* he might reach (just as freely not but
 As his *Peg*. does Parnass.) the cathedral of Ely;
 He's well known to the Bishop, and thinks that in time
 A Prebend will be the reward of his rhyme;
 For indeed it's a parson that thus has mislook'd
 The road to Parnass, for the way to his book:
 But I fear that this parson has ne'er learnt his creed,
 For in that very book is the adverb *indeed*.
 He's a *Johnian* too—but a very young Fellow,
 And he drank of the Helicon stream till quite mellow,
 So the Muses enrag'd bid him quickly be gone,
 Whilst *MORIA** in raptures acknowledg'd her Son.

§ Church Catechism. || The following *elegant* lines are taken from Mrs. Straightforward's letter, p. 9.
 "And if you've occasion to *finish* with speed,
 "There is no such a word to be found as—*indeed*."
 • Vide Bath Guide, Ode on the Birth of Fashion.

Or by writing on the right hand side of the page

As his P. C. does not know the name of the person

He's well known to the Bishop, and the Bishop

A friend will be the reward of the person, and the

For indeed it's a person that has no will to

The road to Paradise for the way to the door

But I fear that this person has no other his road



For to that the person is bound

He's a person too - but a very young person

And he knows of the person's name and the person

So the whole thing is all and quickly he goes

While the person is in the person's knowledge

I have a copy of the person's name and the person's name

And if you want to know the person's name

I have a copy of the person's name and the person's name



1489. f. 39.